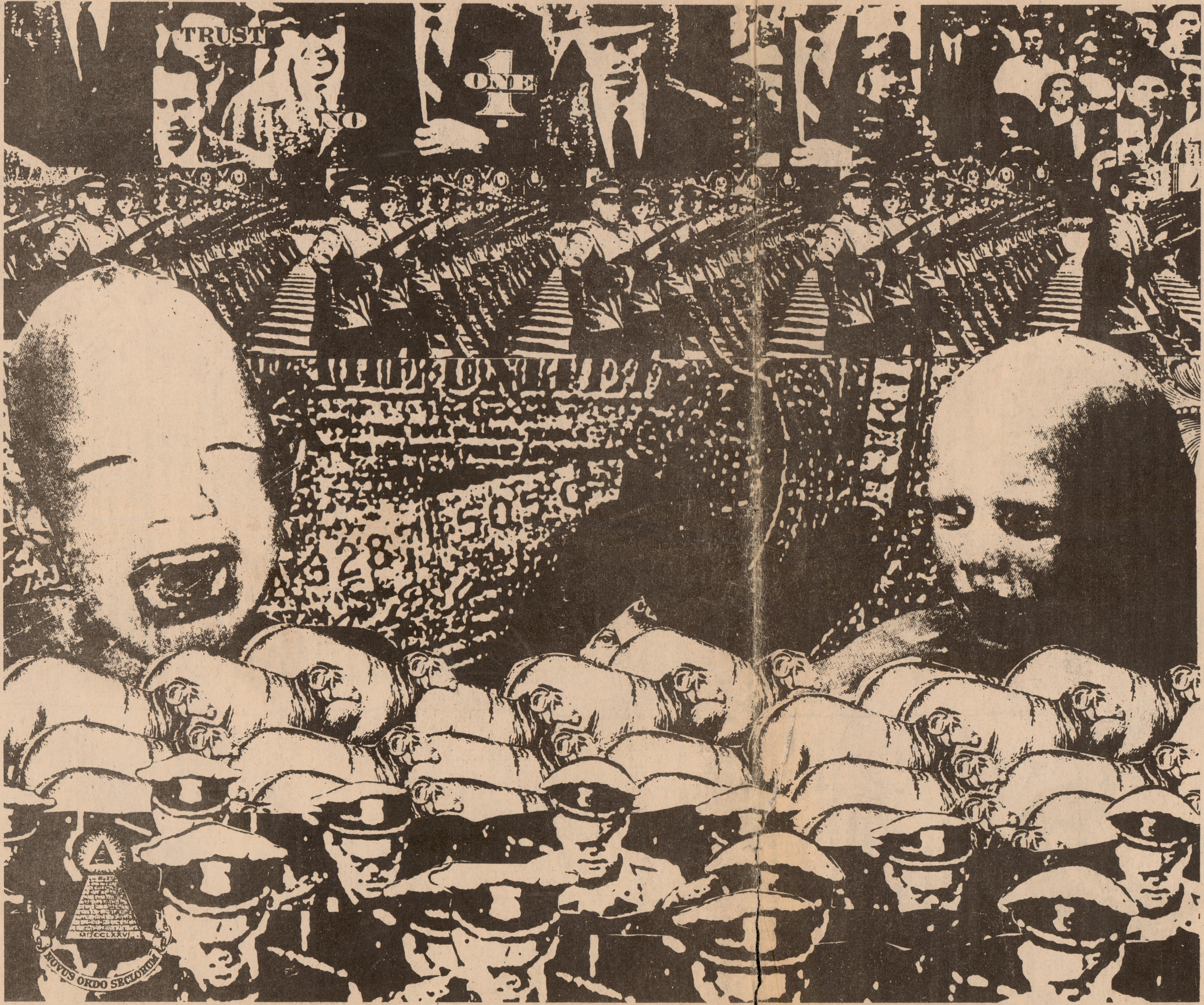
75

# the INFINITE ONION

ISSUE NINE DECEMBER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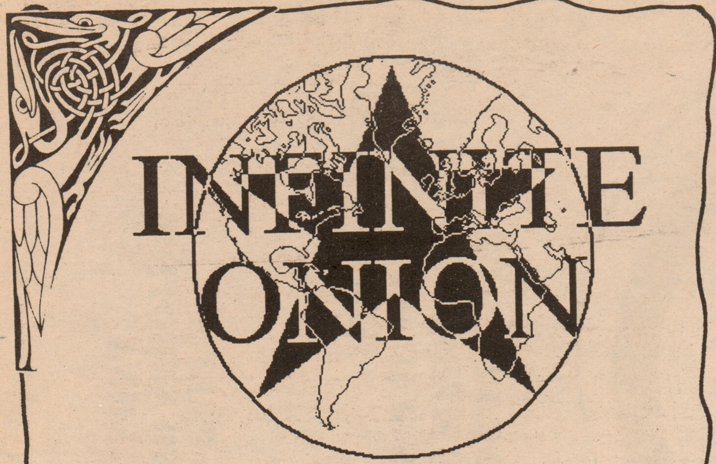
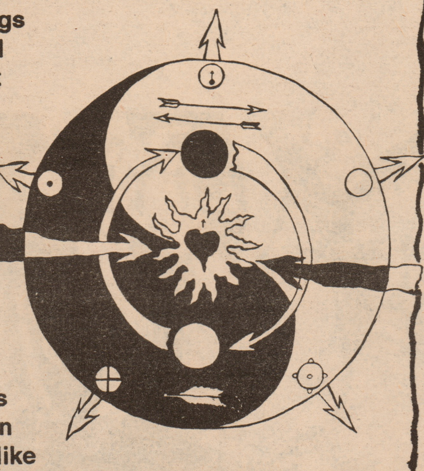
**RAF BLOWS UP PRISON**
**HITLER'S MERCEDES BENZ**
**THE FDA'S WAR ON NATURAL HEALTH CARE**
**TONGS**
**ALF**
**PRISON**
**LEONARD PELTIER**
**SCAMS AND SABOTIPS**
**HARE KRISHNA**
**AND MOA**

from :
Infinite Onion
PO Box 263
Colorado Springs, CO
80901-0263
Pnin

to :



**PO Box 263**
**Colorado Springs , CO 80901**
**usa**
72212.121@compuserve.com
issue nine is the tenth issue of this zine go figure



**Like the circle in which all of life is contained , like revolution that brings everything back full circle, like pain that leaves you stronger and wiser after it subsides , like the destruction out of which ruins life emerges, like the cycles of nature and life and death, like progress that leads to its own ruin, like Babylon, like Rome, like the dying animal or plant whose remains feeds and gives to new life and growth, like the infinite onion which peel after peel leaves you crying and still you celebrate and reach for the sun.**

**Copies of the Infinite Onion** are available from for $1 each, $1.50 for back issues of ishu 8. Infinite Onion 8.1 which is a four page bloodletting on exorcising alcoholic demons in a friend is available for a SASE. Send a SASE for a catalog.
**I'm moving:** My mail order thing is coming to an end as I prepare to leave Turtle Island to travel the world, so don't count on much of a speedy reply after March 94 or so. If you write me beforehand I can send you a couple addresses you might h[illegible] to get ahold of me at in Europe. I'm working on a system of getting my mail forwarded but am not really sure what's going to be happening yet. If you want to hook up with me in Europe or have a place I could crash, let me know. I'm won't vomit on your carpet or hurt your pets and I do the dishes.
**Become popular** and wealthy selling the Infinite Onion in your neighborhood! Get 5 or more from me directly for 50¢ a copy + postage.

**UK and Europe people!** Current and back issues are available from DS4A (SAE + 40p for UK rest of Europe send 90p , DS4A c/o Box 8 Greenleaf Bookshop / 82 Colston St. / Bristol, AVON UK) as well as from BM Active ( BM Active / WC1N 3XX / London UK). Both these distributors have some pretty impressive mail order catalogs you could check out as well.
**Submissions:** Send me what you do, I'm always looking for new shit. Next issue might not come out for a long time, but I'll keep everything I get on hand. As far as guidelines go, my only rules really for printing something is that I like it enough to want other people to check it out too. I'm looking for more stuff that isn't so generic as you'd typically find in punk zines. Hip-hop, wiccan, queer or whatever deviancies you can muster up, I'd be interested.
**Advertising:** I'm not sure when next issue will be out, but when I make up my mind, I send out ad rates. If you're interested in advertising, let me know and I'll ad you to my ad rate list. I'm into trading ad space for books and sometimes records if they are ones I'm interested in.

## Contributors:

is Dave
Travis
Paul-X #205398
Chippewa Regional Correctional Facility
Kincheloe, Michigan
49784-0001
Hakim Bey
"Radio Sermonettes" by Hakim Bey is available for $4 postpaid from:L.B.C., 339 Lafayette St., room 202 , NYC, NY 10012
Holly
Dylan
those afraid to reveal their identity

**Really fun disclaimer:** I don't suggest you do anything in here! If you do and get caught, you fucked up. Don't blame me. I'm completely innocent. I'm a distributor of information for the purpose of entertainment, not a fucking terrorist!

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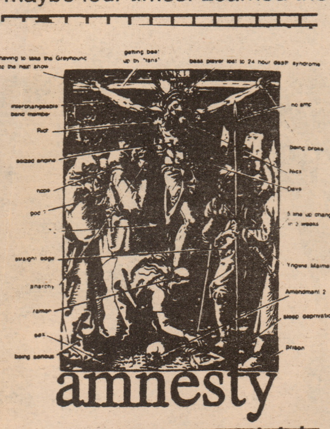
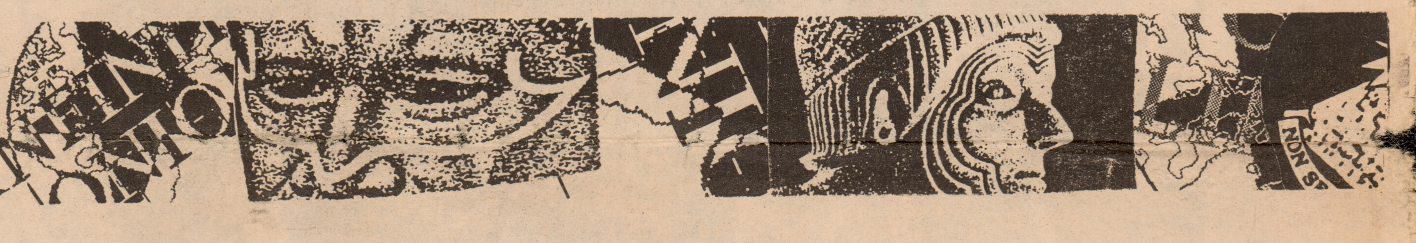
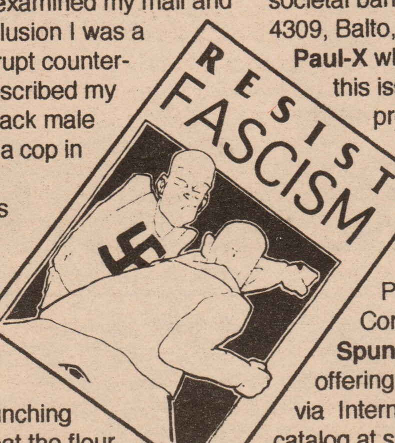
# RAMBLINGX AND BLERBZS

The following blerbs are either written by or were sent to me to print. Some of these I've edited a bit for space.
**The ELF collective** The spontaneity was there.. at first. Shortly after #8 was folded, stapled and in the mail, myself along with several others got together to start the Erisian Liberation Front (ELF). We had bold plans : keep tabs on undercover pigs, alternative press/zine library, monthly benefit shows, a newsletter, lots of fliers and generally making a spectacle out of ourselves. The first meeting was somewhat inspirational, but after the initial talking shit became a matter of actually manifesting ideas into reality, the energy died. In the end it was me alone doing it all. One benefit show went down (to raise dough for us, how pathetic), we marched against queer assimilation in the annual gay pride parade and did little else. I tried to revive it , but no-one showed up, so I handed over the materials to those who still pretended to be interested and quit. I was putting all my energy into this shit and nothing was happening.
I hooked up with **Amnesty** , the band I raved about last issue. I practiced with them maybe four times. Learned the songs on guitar and then had to relearn everything on bass after loosing our bass guy to a frightened and protective mother a couple days before leaving on tour . That may not sound like a big deal, but I struggled considerably. The tour was a mess. Rich booked the first week, I booked the second week. We got a van last minute for $300, made up a fake insurance card and were off. Virtually every show fell through. Those we did get on were last minute deals , just showing up to a show and trying to get on the bill. The other band members instantly transformed into personalities I had never met. They talked a lot of shit and fucked with each other constantly , sort of like I used to do with my little sister when I was young. I got made fun of for not being a virgin. Yikes. Our van eventually broke down just outside of Dallas one day before the week I had booked. Rich and TJ bought bus tickets back. Nick and I , whose parents are less accessible stayed in Dallas with Darren and Initial State (I think they're called Antischism again) for a while and then back to Colorado by thumb. Rich moved to Ft. Worth after a little while and Amnesty is history. We should have a 7" out sometime or other. Look for it if you give a shit.


having to take the Greyhound to the next show
getting beat up by "fans"
bass player lost to 24 hour death syndrome
interchangeable band member
Rich
no amc
seized engine
being broke
Nick
nope
Dave
god ?
5 line up changes in 3 weeks
straight edge
Yngwie Malmsteen
anarchy
Amendment 2
ramen
sleep deprivation
sex
being serious
prison
amnesty



Our homebrew counselor and everybody's friends Toasterhead and Marcie opened up a cool alternative clothing store called **Osmosis** in his house that carries a lot of cool zines and nikk nakks. Its on 2211 West Colorado Ave. next door to Celebration bookstore , if you care to check it out.
The much hyped **Rally Against the Pope** was apparently pretty anticlimactic. After trying for weeks to find out details on what was happening, I got a flier in the mail with directions two days late. From what I hear there were less than ten people present.
**The Klan** came back to Colorado Springs shortly after I got back from the Amnesty tour. Naturally there was an opposition to the sheetheads. Unfortunately I didn't get in on any of the fun. In a clumsy attempt at avoiding cop video cameras we tried an alternate entrance to the heavily guarded entrance to the rally. They saw us right away and we were quickly surrounded by cops. One pig asked to see in my bag whereupon I demanded a warrant. I was quickly taken to the ground , arrested and let go on PR. They looked through my bag in which they found a plastic bag full of flour bombs. At first these were mistaken for drugs, then when they found the bottle of Dawn I had just bought at the store , one cop's eyes lit up brilliantly as he exclaimed "ah, homemade explosives" . Next they examined my mail and address book and came to the conclusion I was a white supremacist attempting to disrupt counter-demonstrators. The police report described my Public Enemy shirt as depicting a black male with cross hairs aimed at him (that's a cop in the crosshairs) and the words "the Enemy", it also mentioned that I was carrying racist fliers (one flier had a picture of Klansmen on it with the words "Save the white race ... from inbreeding" while the other stated boldly (clearly enough for even a cop to understand) "Resist Fascism" with a graphic of a guy punching out a nazi. The report also stated that the flour bombs in my bag were meant to be thrown at people protesting the Klan. Brilliant. I expected this to be a ticket I would plea bargain into court costs like most times I get hassled at demos or whatnot. This time the state attorney tells me I can plead guilty and pay the fine and they'll drop the three months in prison. Fuck that, I want a lawyer! I go to the judge and ask for a court appointed lawyer. He tells me they're really gunning for me this time. Shit. I go to court two more times and it looks like they really are out to get me, my lawyer agrees. My whole summer has been tied up with this shit, my travel plans shot to shit also. All this for demanding a warrant before being searched. I feel fucked with and and can't wait to get done with it all. My next and hopefully last trial is on December 6th. (Dec 6th - case dismissed)



I did manage to do a little travelling between seeing my lawyer and a trial date. I went to Tucson with a couple friends. Tucson is full of very cool and hip people. Unfortunately , the cops and business side of the city isn't all that hip. We got there right as the business community banded together to push the homeless out of "their" turf. Police helicopters were scanning areas around the rail road tracks for people seeking shelter and we were chased first out of a squat by cops, then away from our 4th Ave. concrete slab. After we were clearly no longer welcome, I left for home via Flagstaff and Santa Fe. Nice trip.
**Jade behind bars**: After being falsely picked from a suspect line up, everybody's friend Jade was arrested for burglary and is as of the time of writing, still in prison awaiting trial. It's been close to a month now and he is not doing so good. If he's still in when you get read this, drop him a line. Jade nuss , El Paso County Sheriff's Office, 2739 East Las Vegas Str. , Colorado Springs, CO 80906-1522
**The Barter Network** I had started and put a lot of work into was dropped after I realized how overwhelmed I was with different undertakings. If anyone's interested in taking this over, get in touch. There is an interest in something like this happening , someone just needs to do it.

## MORE BLERBZS

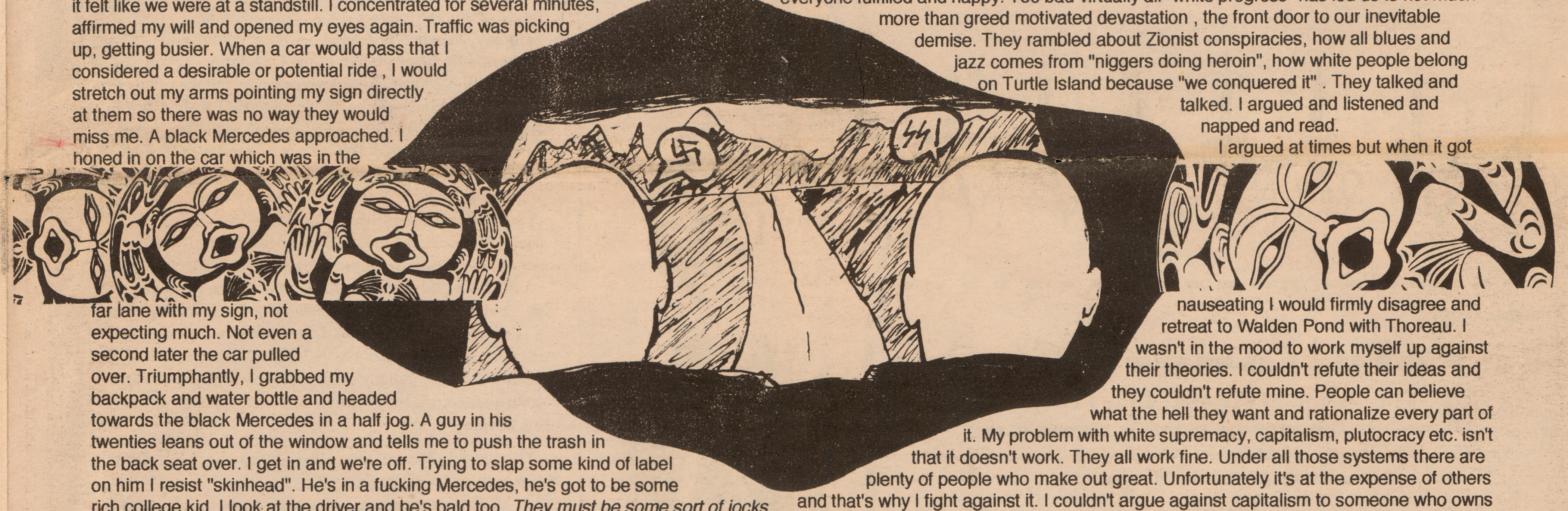
**Leonard Peltier** ( see article), after 17 years has filed for parole and will see the parole board first week of December. There is a massive letter writing campaign being planned for between November 21 and December 24th, 93. Send all original letters in support of Leonard's release to President Bill Clinton, The White House, 1600 Pennsylvania Ave, Washington, DC 20500; send copies of your letters to *Leonard Peltier Defense Committee*, PO Box 583 Lawrence, KS 66044. The copies will be delivered by "important" people to other "important" people which will hopefully make this a very big media thing that Clinton can't ignore. Be sure not to mail anything to the White House until after November 21. This is supposed to be an overwhelming barrage of unignorable support for Leonard. Get in touch with the local chapter at *Leonard Peltier Support Committee* c/o Julie Steele, 602 E. Willamette, Apt #1 , Colorado Springs, CO 80903 .
**No More Nice Girls** Please send all slides of artwork , all media , for possible inclusion in *No More Nice Girls: A womens festival* to be held at ABC No Rio in NYC, March 1994. There will be an exhibition as well as workshops, readings, panel discussions, etc. We are also accepting proposals for workshops and panels, poetry and journal excerpts and other writing for readings ( if you don't live in NYC-your work can be read for you) and 1/2" videotapes for performance and film and video events. All submissions should include a resume, statement and SASE for return. Deadline is December 30 1993. Send shit to *SPIRAL ARTS*, PO Box 20119, Columbus Circle Station, NY , NY 10023-9991. For more info call Nicole Demerin at (718) 721-1434
**The Womyn's Collective of Baltimore** is a small group that meets to discuss social , political and personal issues. We are relatively new and interested in setting up contacts and hearing ideas. We are an anarcha- feminist based group but we are all part of this oppressive system and must work together to make some changes. Write regardless of gender, preference, race or any other stupid societal barrier and we will write back. WCB - PO Box 4309, Balto, MD 21223
**Paul-X** who wrote "the End Of The Day" elsewhere in this issue is trying to raise $500 to enroll in college program offered by Ohio State University for the '94-'95 school year. His scheme is to find 50 people willing to invest $10 each into his education. Prison labor pays about 29¢ an hour, he needs all the help he can get with this. For more details or just to write, contact Paul-X #205398, Chippewa Regional Correctional Facility, Kincheloe, MI 49784-0001
**Spunk Press** is an electronic anarchist archive offering a variety of anarchist and related information via Internet. Get on their mailing list or hit them up for a catalog at spunk-list-request@lysator.liu.se or if you're limited to snail mail , write them c/o Chuck Munson PO Box 173 , Madison WI 53701-0173

# ONE-SHOT TO COLORADO SPRINGS IN HITLER'S MERCEDES BENZ

**I felt really good.** Last night had been perfect. I found my way to Pat's house right as I got into Santa Fe. My ride into town gave me ten bucks in quarters. I ate well, drank, got high and slept like a baby. Probably the most sound sleep I had in weeks. I left the house before anyone was up and got two rides out of town. The first ride was with two sheltered looking college kids who were planning a trip to California; the other was with a middle aged man who at first offered me ten bucks for him to jack me off, then fifteen for me to jack off and let him watch. I declined, I didn't need any money. He let me off just outside of Santa Fe. Excellent. I was making good headway. It was hardly ten thirty AM and I was feeling great. I held out my sign high above my head, trying to catch attention of the people in the far lane that wouldn't see me instantly. Cars passed by the hundreds and I hardly cared. I was really in to good of a mood to get disgruntled this early on. Winnebagos passed, old people passed, hippies passed, business people passed. I started making up songs and singing them out loud, hoping that no potential rides would think I'm a freak singing to myself and not pick me up as a result. My sign had Colorado written on one side and Colorado Springs on the other. Both sides decorated with mountains and non offending images in hopes that it would pull in those who felt inclined towards my hitching-sign-art. It didn't feel like it was much of a hit though, as car after car after bus after van after semi shot passed me too involved in their own thoughts and their own world to be distracted or bothered by some freak on the side of the road.

I used to start counting cars when hitchhiking got hard and after a couple thousand I would curse every car that passed. "You motherfucking hippies are all the same , peace and sharing unless its someone you don't know or are tie dies prerequisites for you to pick me up?".."You yuppie assholes are afraid of anything that smells real, fuck off!" etc. I would get so pissed that I could wear myself out getting bent out of shape about the people who wouldn't pick me up. I've grown since then and have taken on better attitudes. Throughout this whole trip myself and my travelling partners would start out the day laying down our requests from Heina , the travel god : "A straight shot to Tucson" or "We want a pickup" or as Heather consistently called for "Today I want to drink beer". More often than not our prayers were answered with surprising accuracy. It could have been our posi attitude bringing magic our way or maybe Heina is really watching over us, who knows. The important thing is it worked.

So there I was standing on I-25 northbound laying down my requests before Heina. I want a straight shot to Colorado Springs. I closed my eyes holding my sign high over my head and visualized a ride I got once from Munich to Zurich in a sportscar that went so fast that every time we would get stuck behind someone going less that 200 km/h it felt like we were at a standstill. I concentrated for several minutes, affirmed my will and opened my eyes again. Traffic was picking up, getting busier. When a car would pass that I considered a desirable or potential ride , I would stretch out my arms pointing my sign directly at them so there was no way they would miss me. A black Mercedes approached. I honed in on the car which was in the far lane with my sign, not expecting much. Not even a second later the car pulled over. Triumphantly, I grabbed my backpack and water bottle and headed towards the black Mercedes in a half jog. A guy in his twenties leans out of the window and tells me to push the trash in the back seat over. I get in and we're off. Trying to slap some kind of label on him I resist "skinhead". He's in a fucking Mercedes, he's got to be some rich college kid. I look at the driver and he's bald too. *They must be some sort of jocks going home from school*, I rationalize half paranoid, *besides no way that two fascist skins would pick up a dirty looking punk*...



I quickly banished the thoughts of merciless violence from my head. The one guy seemed real nice, the driver not all that talkative. I decided to try and feel them out a bit.
"So , where are you guys from?"
"We're coming from San Diego and are on our way to Colorado Springs to find some friends.." Not too encouraging. I looked around the car for any sign of anything even remotely racist : american flags, racist books, swastikas, Celtic symbols, German symbols, Skrewdriver tapes etc. Nothing but junk food and blankets. These guys are definitely college fucks, I assured myself. "So are you guys coming from school?"
"No we're just traveling around."
Their answers were vague enough to make me paranoid but not enough for me to really justify my paranoia. We pulled over for coffee about half an hour outside of Santa Fe. The place reminded me a lot of the setting for the Shining. A huge abandoned hotel with a little 50's style diner , where we sat down and ordered. We did plenty of small talk and I drank plenty of coffee. Halfway down my fifth cup, the guy not driving asked me about my hat :"Is that hat you're wearing just a hat or is it a Malcolm X hat ?"
"Well I suppose it's just a hat, but yeah it's a Malcolm X hat too", I replied, hoping I wasn't stepping on any delicate toes.
"Don't you know Malcolm X hated white people?"
"Well, after he went to Mecca , he denounced his racist views and wasn't so much anti-white as much as against white supremacy and fighting racism against blacks. He was for black power , not black supremacy", I justified my slightly passe politico-fashion sense.
My bald friends didn't have much of a grip on what Malcolm X was all about. I explained my views on white supremacy and black power briefly. The driver finally came out of his shell.
"How can you even talk about equality? Don't you see that God made the world in a way where everything divine is white? Just look at the sun, it radiates beauty and white light. The sky is blue, it's clear what race is supreme."
*Oh, shit why did I get in the car in the first place?* I was caffeining hardcore and my hands shook visibly as I nervously sipped my coffee, now being especially careful to slow down on my intake in case I really lose it . I debated whether I should just leave or see what happens. I was off on a practically deserted road several miles from I-25 and with two white supremacists getting on my ass about the dawning of the new white revolution. I decided to take the risk and let fate decide. They already knew where I stand politically and didn't seem to have a problem with it, so I figured I'd see what would happen. *Heina's been with me so far. If all else fails I can get off when we get to I-25.* After a little while we left back for the highway.

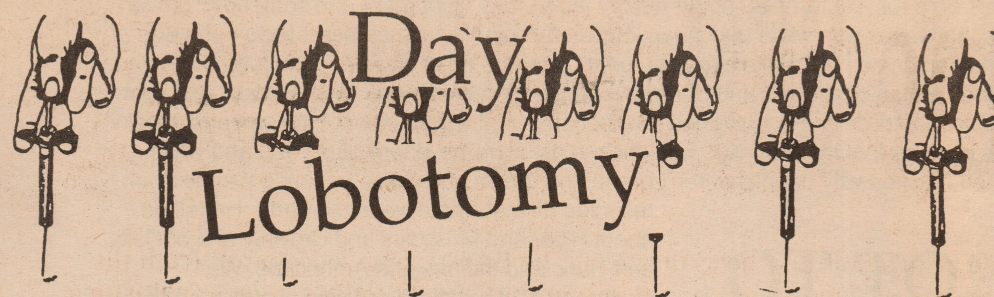
My hat sparked their fuel. The guy driving who had been silent until my hat came up was on a roll. He rambled about history facts I was ignorant of and somehow "proved" to me that Jesus was white and in fact of Celtic origin using impressive facts that I was at the moment in no position to check up on. I made the point of telling him that others had "proved" Jesus to be black and of African origin. He talked more about the sky and light and color and divinity. He explained how because of the pure color of the sun and the sky it was obvious that the men God had chosen as supreme where blue eyed and white skinned. I asked why people weren't green and brown and divine because their skin reflected all that was alive in the earth. He talked about Hitler and Mussolini and Crowley and of Celts and Huns and Indians and Americans. We disagreed a lot but didn't get pissed at each other. I toned down my more militant views somewhat , because as they put it (loosely) "There's always this one hippy guy sitting in the back of our car scared out of his mind agreeing with everything we say cuz he's afraid we'll pull over and kick the shit out of him". They were half right. I wasn't afraid of them so much anymore, but I was somewhat cautious not to get into that type of "fuck you" "no fuck you" type of confrontations that get pretty nasty. Most of their points ,had something to them . Although most of the time I disagreed, I couldn't help but think how eerily close a lot of our views were. The right and left somehow arrive at the same conclusions for completely different reasons and despite practically antithecal world views. For instance he brought up the invasion of Somalia. He thought it was fucked the US was intervening. We agreed that charity only kills countries and that if any aid is given to third world countries it should be to help them get back on their feet and become self sufficient and not feed them and make them dependent and that any military presence was a total lie if this thing is under the guise of a humanitarian mission. Except he thought the invasion was part of a Zionist conspiracy whereas I think its a capitalist new world order conspiracy to protect World Bank , oil and US interests. He talked about survival of the fittest. According to him, the reason a lot of modern civilization is in ruins is because people are so compassionate that they don't let the weak die out. As a result, weak people breed more weak people and society deteriorates. It never really was an issue for me, but it's true to a degree. In nature , natural selection gets rid of the weak and those unfit to survive , but in civilization the weak are kept alive. It doesn't really matter, though. We don't live in a world any longer where we need to fight for our food or protect our women. For all the "white progress" so far one would think that we are to the point where we could channel our resources to keep everyone fulfilled and happy. Too bad virtually all "white progress" has led us to not much more than greed motivated devastation , the front door to our inevitable demise. They rambled about Zionist conspiracies, how all blues and jazz comes from "niggers doing heroin", how white people belong on Turtle Island because "we conquered it" . They talked and talked. I argued and listened and napped and read.

I argued at times but when it got nauseating I would firmly disagree and retreat to Walden Pond with Thoreau. I wasn't in the mood to work myself up against their theories. I couldn't refute their ideas and they couldn't refute mine. People can believe what the hell they want and rationalize every part of it. My problem with white supremacy, capitalism, plutocracy etc. isn't that it doesn't work. They all work fine. Under all those systems there are plenty of people who make out great. Unfortunately it's at the expense of others and that's why I fight against it. I couldn't argue against capitalism to someone who owns a successful business and feels fine paying his workers minimum wage. All I could really say is that our world views are different and that maybe if he gave up his wealth, he would feel more at peace and possibly others would too. Same with these guys. Some of their points were straight up bullshit, but I couldn't disagree that white races had been strong and powerful in politics and battle. I couldn't deny all the historical battles and conquerors he brought up. I couldn't deny that Hitler was intelligent. All I could really say is that it didn't really mean anything, I couldn't give a shit. To me military conquest doesn't make a race or group of people any better than some moron beating the shit out of some kid would make him a hero. The color of the sun has nothing to do with "supreme" color of skin , the battle spoils of ancient white tribes doesn't legitimize manifest destiny in our own times. It didn't matter, because to them it was their validating logic. All I could tell them is that they're missing out on a lot of happening humans thinking with such a narrow view of humanity.

The babbling died down for some time, I whipped out Thoreau again and immersed myself in winter at Walden pond. The less talkative fascist peered across to see what I was reading. "Ah, Thoreau", he blurted, "Thoreau was the biggest nazi ever." I didn't even want to hear it. "Thoreau wasn't a fucking nazi", I retorted. His definition of nazi was pretty broad, sort of in the same way as some anarchists I know who consider jaywalking a revolutionary act of defiance. To him , Thoreau was a nazi. He worked off the land , was pure and separated himself from the bullshit in the world. I still couldn't see where that fit in with white supremacy , but it fit right into his belief system. Suddenly it struck me how surreal this was. I've had so many confrontations with nazis over the years , almost always violent or nasty and confrontational , but here we were sitting in a car together with no animosity towards each other talking about Thoreau and living simply with nature. Some easy go lucky guy with no real strong beliefs ? Sure, but here I was , a person probably a little too opinionated and emotional about it for my own good and two nazis with the same qualities, but on the other side of the fence. I chuckled into Walden and let the thoughts fly out the window.
"Is this Colorado Springs? Where do you live?"
Oh, shit. "Uhh, just drop me off down by the park, I have to find the guy with my house keys", I lied. We pulled into to downtown, I got out thanked them and Heina, looked around to make sure none of my friends had seen me get out of that car and trekked home keeping my backpack high with a healthy mix of amusement and relief. The door was open and I hopped inside , smiling as I inhaled the aroma of neglected dumpster food and stale beer. Home sweet home where only the stukko workers say nigger.

[redacted]

# 180 Day Lobotomy



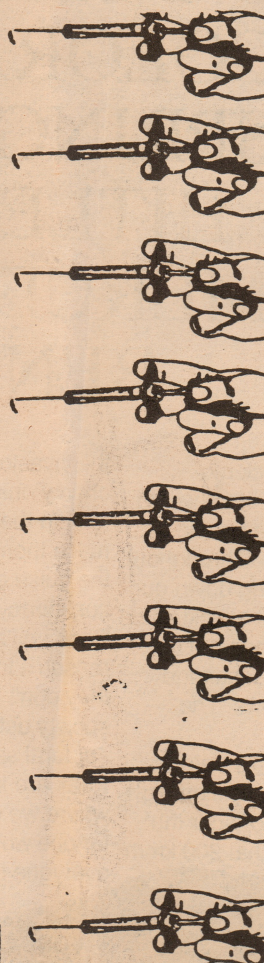
Oregon dreams and Colorado memories. Four months of Oregon and I haven't dreamed yet, or is it a dream. A nightmare ? No, 1200 miles away and I'm still in Colorado. Colorado, Oregon that is. What I mean is, my path hasn't changed. The constriction of addiction is the tortoise , and I am the hare. And so unless you were raised by wolves you know the end of that story. Please use your imagination, because otherwise you just will not get it.

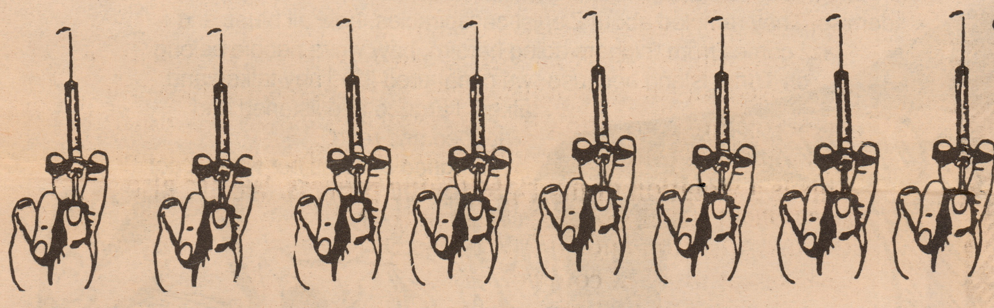
My clock seems to be stuck at 11:59 PM. The new day just seems to be a breech-birth. God somebody get the fuckin' forceps. It's a certain death you see, I've already cut the umbilical chord. I guess that's how born-again, fanatic, hippie, burned out Christians must have felt, before they decided to release all of their power(wallets) to the Supreme being. Shit what a mouthful, or should I say, what a mouthful of shit ?

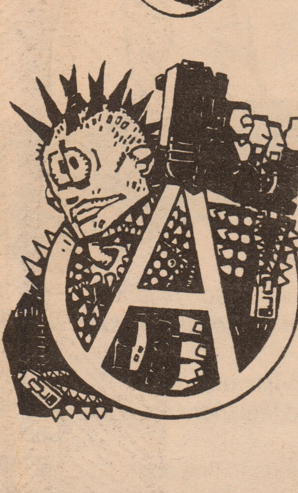
It's 11:59 PM Dylan, Oregon has not fixed the clock. But at least it a building climax being anti-climatic, in an opiate dream/ reality. Going downtown on the brown flying carpet has become my full time occupation. I work for free of course. Shit ! I pay to work! You see , it's a whole different view of life, when nodding off and on is your only sleeeeeep. I have put myself back to the place I never fully understood. Just like that class you always cut. And it's time to return to school.

Old-town Portland , the small town drug addicts park avenue. Has become my second home, like mom and dads, where you take your dirty laundry. Except it's like there is a party going on where you don't know anyone. Unless you have greenbacks, then you suddenly know everyone. I was a scared first-time party-goer with the proper etiquette implanted in my mind. And being the damn good thespian I am, that is all I need to make it through. I get strong vibes from other people , so strong that it torques my perception of them. But I think my intuition is strong enough to balance it. In other words I scored the first time without any problem. It was just a matter of getting on the highway.

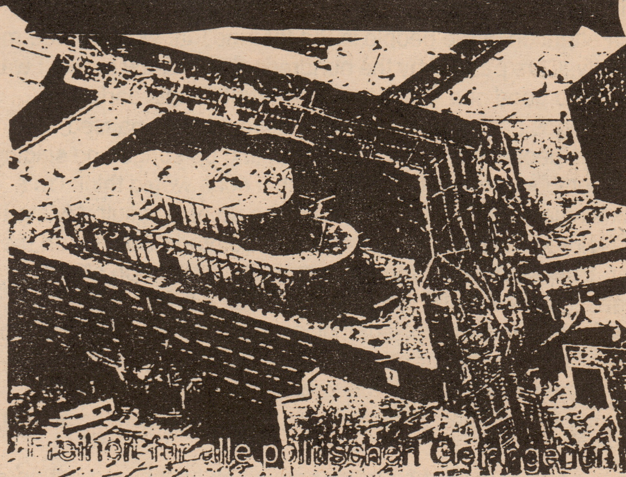
☥







# German Prison Destroyed What Are We Waiting For?



It took eight years and 250 million marks to build the tech prison in Weiterstadt , Germany which was to be housing 500 prisoners by May 93. The complex was built as a new state of the art modern prison which would use a system of "living groups" of 10 - 20 prisoners sharing a living space outside of their cell . The groups would be co-ordinated by psychotherapists and social workers who would work with the inmates on a "punishment-reward" system. Those willing to adapt to the applied social values and submit would earn benefits and privileges while those not willing or able to conform would lose them. Total "non-adaptation" could ultimately land a prisoner in total isolation in a high security wing. All inmates would be constantly monitored in their cells by means of two way mirrors and video equipment. This was to be a model for future prisons to follow.

Saturday, March 27th around 5AM the commando Katherina Hammerschmidt of the Red Army Faction (RAF) using 200kgs of explosives destroyed the prison. The entire action was carefully planned. At around 1:30 AM the commando captured 11 guards and left them in a van bound and gagged. Before setting off the explosives, the entire prison was searched thoroughly for people and warning signs were posted on the outside walls of the prison. No-one was killed or injured.

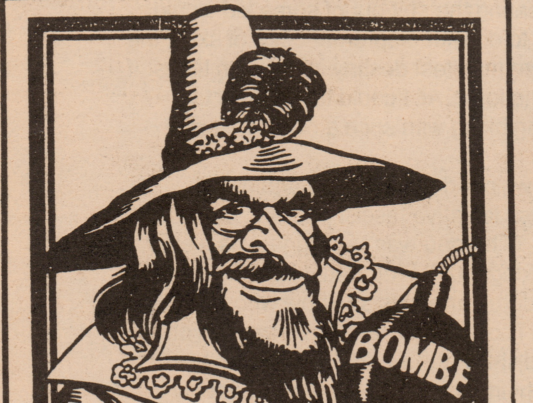
The RAF released a press release a few days after the action which demanded the release of RAF prisoners and of all HIV+ prisoners as well as other prison related demands. This was a definite change in RAF activity after a fairly recent movement to cease violent actions against the state. Although this may have been an act of war against the state it did not physically harm anyone as the state does consistently with its acts of aggression against the people.

With the new control unit prison in Florence, what are you waiting for Colorado?

For the RAF communique write *Arm The Spirit*, c/o Wild Seed Press, PO Box 57584, Jackson Station, Hamilton, ONT L8P 4X3 CANADA

For more info on prisons: *Committee to End the Marion Lockdown* , Po Box 578172, Chicago , IL 60657-8172 or *Prison News Service*, PO Box 5052, Station A , Toronto, M5W 1W4 Canada

These Are
**Revolutionary Times**
**The "Island of Rogues" Only Feisty**
**Anarchist/Autonomist Monthly Newspaper**
Covering Local Scandals, Events, People, Music, Reviews, News and More!
For a sample issue send a 29 stamp to:
**T.A.R.T.**
**WAYLAND SQUARE, BOX 3146**
**PROVIDENCE, RHODE ISLAND 02906**
Otherwise it's 5 bones a year, 8 with envelope. Trades welcome. Cheap Ads! Aarghh...



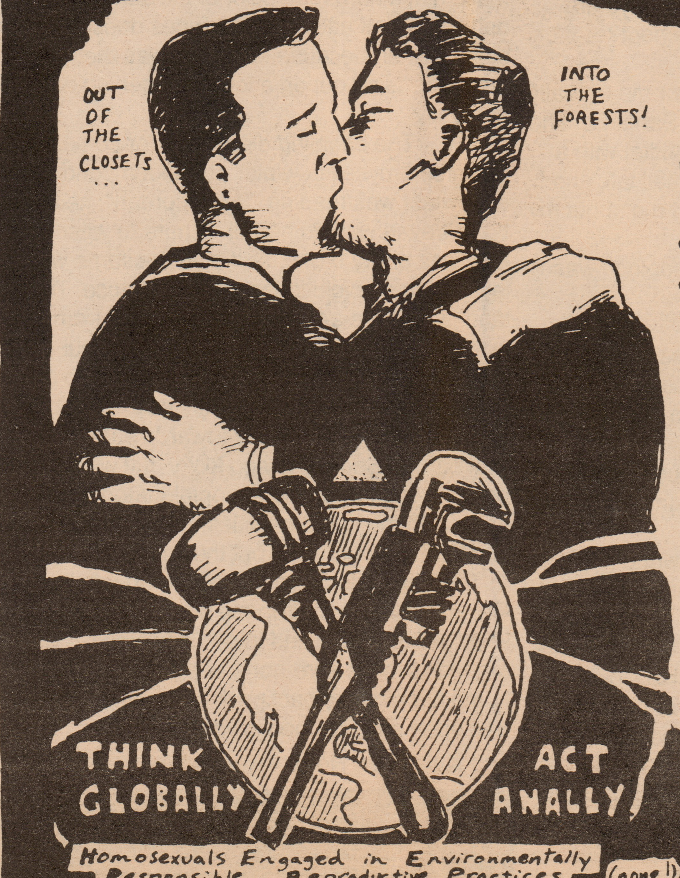
GUY FAWKES
The only person
to enter Parliament
with honest intentions

Printed and published by the Nottingham Anarchist Group Ⓐ ©Arbuthnot Twinge 1977

**One ALF member put it this way:**

I see participating in ALF's raids not as a momentary forfeiture of the highest human values - goodness, generosity and the like - but rather as an embodiment of them... We feel a sense of urgency for the animals whose pain and imminent death is absolutely real to them today.

# PROJECT ECOFUCK!


OUT OF THE CLOSETS . . .
INTO THE FORESTS!
THINK GLOBALLY
ACT ANALLY
Homosexuals Engaged in Environmentally Responsible Reproductive Practices (none!)

Rainforest destruction. Resource depletion. Greenhouse effect. Air and water pollution. All the big environmental catastrophes of our time. And they all point to one ugly, undeniable fact: there are too damn many people in this world.

Used to be, humans could abuse the earth any way they pleased, no problem. There weren't enough of us to cause longterm damage; nature took care of herself. Biological equilibrium, it's called. But somewhere along the line, we slippedout of our ecological niche. Our numbers grew. By the time we realized that something was seriously wrong the ecosphere had been rendered near-unsustainable. We have entered the downward spiral. There is no place further west to go. We have hit the limit.

But nature, she's a tough old bird. None of this "fragile mother" whiny liberal bullshit. She can take it. Hit her, rape her, kill her, she'll be back. But she's no masochist. One day, the joke will be on US. Men come and go, and earth abides. Let's face it. "Environmental consciousness" isn't for the sake of the earth. It's for US. If nature could sustain the violence done against it we wouldn't spare a shit for its sake. But it cannot.

I can hear it now. There are those who will think us immoral, or silly, or unrealistic. that may well be the case. But we are right. I mean, let's look at some alternatives: abortion ? Too touchy. Birth control? A hassle, and not fool proof. Selective /sanctioned breeding? Fascist! Abstinence? I doubt it... It all leads around to the same conclusion: the problem lies at the ROOT OF DESIRE and "STRAIGHTNESS" is the DISEASE. And there's only ONE cure for that as far as I know...

Some say it's a part of the SICKNESS. Perhaps. But now it can be part of the SOLUTION.

Maybe it is too radical for most people. But desperate times "breed" desperate measures. And the fact is we cannot continue with our CURRENT REPRODUCTIVE PRACTICES.

KICK THE HETERO HABIT!

QUEER FOR A CLEANER PLANET.

# Leonard Peltier's June 26th Statement

June 26th , 1975 started out as a beautiful day. I could feel a warm breeze as I lay in my tent listening to the women as they prepared breakfast. I heard one of them say "Oops, I just dropped this pancake on the ground" and another answered, "Don't worry about it, just dust it off. They'll never know the difference." She meant us men. I laughed quietly with them and later found out that Dino had overheard them too.

But suddenly this beautiful morning was cut short by the sound of gunfire. It seemed far off, and at first I dismissed it as someone practicing in the woods. Then I started hearing the screams. I had never before felt this frightened, knowing that there were so many women , children and old people there at the camp. I rushed out, grabbing my shirt and rifle and started running for the houses were I believed the jumping Bulls were trapped. The heat of the day hit me like a fist, as I ran trying to wipe the sweat from my eyes , I dropped my ammo bag. Bullets zoomed from every direction. i could hear them flying around my head. I had to drop onto my belly and crawl.

When I got to the houses I warned everybody inside to get out of the area . Dino had told Nikak to gather the women and kids together and hide in the woods. I could not believe that this was happening. i could not believe that our wonderful , peaceful morning could be shattered by such violence. I did not know why we had come under such a vicious attack. I knew only that my job was to protect these innocent children. I knew that I could not give in to my own fear, and I worried that someone's panic could spell their death. I told the young ones that it was time to be brave , to be warriors.

Somehow, almost everyone was able to make it out of the area and to temporary sanctuary that night. We lost our brother Joe Stuntz to a sniper. Two agents also died. We prayed for their safe journey to the next world. The Creator watched over our escape that day, and although bullets raced past us, other than destroying a hip flask, none hit their targets. We were, and are, thankful to the many people that helped us.

We conferred with our Elders about what we should do, and it was decided that we would stay in the area until the Sundance at Crow Dog's. The FBI and GOONs were participating in the largest manhunt in United States history. They tore up homes without search warrants and harassed anyone they believed to be an AIM supporter. After seeking guidance from my elders again , I went to Canada. We had come to believe that anyone present that day would be prosecuted, and although we were innocent , it was decided that for our own safety , we should move in different directions.

I was extradited from Canada because of affidavits signed by Myrtle Poor Bear who stated that she was my girlfriend and an eyewitness to the deaths of the agents. I had never met this woman , but learned later that she was mentally and emotionally unbalanced and had spent much of her life in and out of institutions. Her family told us that she suffered delusions. You could convince her that she had been in a certain place and done certain things, even if it had never happened. We discovered later that the FBI had dusted for fingerprints all over our camp and had not found a single print placing her in the area. Yet they used her anyway. In fact they tortured this poor woman, terrorizing her into signing documents she had not even read. This was the first real indication that I had that I was not going to receive a fair trial.

My co-defendants had been found "not-guilty" in a trial at Cedar Rapids, Iowa. My trial was mysteriously moved to Fargo, North Dakota, a place famous for it's anti-Indian sentiment. My trial judge was Paul Benson, a man so racist that the Eighth Circuit Court of Appeals has reversed him on anti-Indian remarks he made during one of his trials. Every motion , every defense allowed my co-defendants was denied by this judge. I did not even have a jury of my peers. In fact , sitting on this all white jury, was a woman who openly remarked that she is a racist. I was convicted of killing both FBI agents at point blank range with an AR-15. I was then given two consecutive life sentences.

My first stop was at Leavenworth, the Terre Haute. Finally I was sent to Marion Federal Penitentiary, "the new Alcatraz". Marion was a horror. I spent much of my time in complete isolation. The government expects its citizens to believe that only the nations most violent and incorrigible prisoners are housed there. The truth is that political prisoners find their way there too. What better way to keep us quiet?

We soon filed an appeal based on twelve automatically reversible errors. The senior judge was William Webster. It wasn't until after oral arguments that we had discovered that he had been nominated and accepted the position of new head of the FBI. he finally removed himself from the appeals procedure, but not before prejudicing the other judges against me. The critical piece of evidence , the murder weapon, convinced the court to deny the appeal, despite all of the government misconduct.

A second appeal was filed a few years later when we discovered, through a Freedom of Information Act suit, that the "critical piece of evidence" appeared to have been fabricated. We learned that the FBI had evidence of at least four AR-15s on the scene that day, and that the rifle and shell casing they claimed as their "most important" proof of the crime , had been given a firing pin test and it concluded that they could not be linked. During two trials and one appeal, the government had maintained that a firing pin test could not be performed because the weapon had been so severely damaged. This was a lie. When questioned on the stand about this, agent Evan Hodge claimed he had "mispoke" to avoid a perjury charge.

We were exited. We could now prove my innocence. The government had already conceded that Myrtle Poor Bear was not an eyewitness, and now the ballistics evidence was proven false. Yet, despite findings by the court that my trial judge had erred in his rulings, evidence had been fabricated, exculpatory evidence withheld, and that government witnesses "may not have been telling the truth", despite prosecutor Lynn Crooks announcing that they "do not know who killed those agents" nor what part I may have planned in their deaths, eleven months after litigation the court denied my appeal. they wrote that it did not meet the very rigid legal standard for granting a new trial. Today I am in prison on a technicality : the difference between possibility and probability. One of the judges , Gerald Heaney has since come forward asking the president to consider a commutation of my sentence.

On November 9th of last year we had yet another appeal. It was based on the fact that the government has changed the theory of my conviction from first degree murder to aiding and abetting. I did not have a trial for aiding and abetting. This is a violation of my right to due process. We are also government is guilty of misconduct in both the investigation and trying of this case. Once again , Lynn Crooks admitted in court of law that they simply never proved that I had killed the agents. He went as far as stating that there was no direct evidence to link me to this crime. Yet , he argued that I should remain in prison because I had been granted a trial based on alternating theories and so I could be found guilty as either the trigger man or an aider and abettor. This is an outright lie. I was not tried for anything but murder.

I thank all of you for making this day a day for remembrance of the events of June 26th, 1975 and for attempting to spread the word about the injustices I have suffered and suffer still. In honesty, I wish I hadn't been at that camp, but I do not regret that I was one of those who stood up and helped to protect my people. I have sacrificed over seventeen years for my people. I have given up over one third of my life so far. I am tired.

Over the years I have hid away my suffering. I have smiled when I felt like crying. I have laughed when I felt like dying. I have had to stare at photographs of my children to see them grow up. I have had to rely on restricted telephone calls to be linked to my mother and my grandchildren. I miss having dinner with friends. I miss taking walks in the woods. I miss gardening. I miss babies. I miss my freedom.

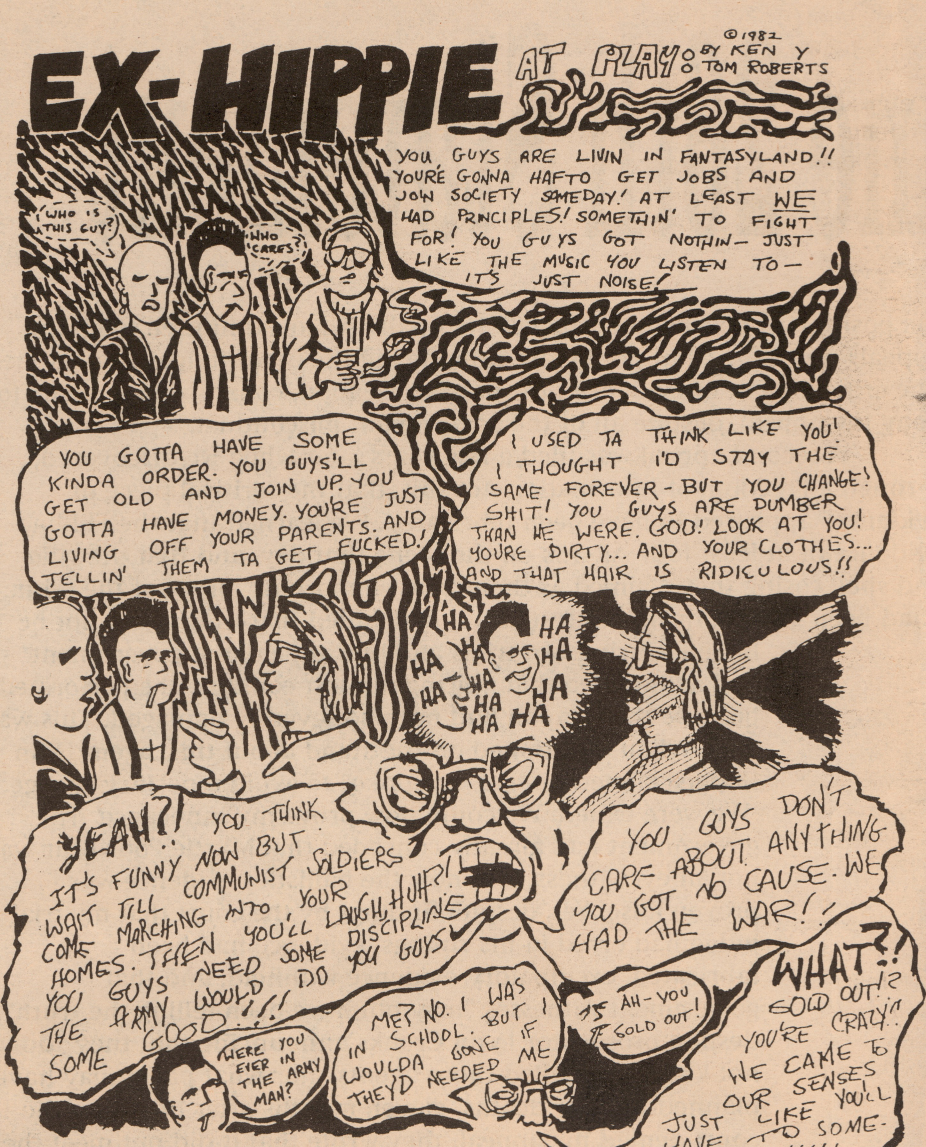
Please do not forget that indigenous people worldwide are being oppressed. Please do not forget the tragedy of political prisoners. Please do not forget me tomorrow.

I thank you all for coming here today and for sacrificing your time to participate in the struggle for justice.

IN THE SPIRIT OF CRAZY HORSE,

Leonard Peltier

This statement was written by Leonard for the over 46 Leonard Peltier Day events internationally including at the Spirit of Crazy Horse Walk which took place June 25 and 26th beginning in downtown Colorado Springs and ending at the Florence Federal Prison in protest of control unit prisons and in support of Leonard Peltier and all political prisoners.


EX-HIPPIE AT PLAY: ©1982 BY KEN Y TOM ROBERTS
WHO IS THIS GUY?
WHO CARES?
YOU GUYS ARE LIVIN IN FANTASYLAND!! YOU'RE GONNA HAFTO GET JOBS AND JOIN SOCIETY SOMEDAY! AT LEAST WE HAD PRINCIPLES! SOMETHIN' TO FIGHT FOR! YOU GUYS GOT NOTHIN — JUST LIKE THE MUSIC YOU LISTEN TO — IT'S JUST NOISE!
YOU GOTTA HAVE SOME KINDA ORDER. YOU GUYS'LL GET OLD AND JOIN UP. YOU GOTTA HAVE MONEY. YOU'RE JUST LIVING OFF YOUR PARENTS. AND TELLIN' THEM TA GET FUCKED!
I USED TA THINK LIKE YOU! I THOUGHT I'D STAY THE SAME FOREVER - BUT YOU CHANGE! SHIT! YOU GUYS ARE DUMBER THAN WE WERE. GOD! LOOK AT YOU! YOU'RE DIRTY... AND YOUR CLOTHES... AND THAT HAIR IS RIDICULOUS!!
HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA
YEAH?! YOU THINK IT'S FUNNY NOW BUT WAIT TILL COMMUNIST SOLDIERS COME MARCHING INTO YOUR HOMES. THEN YOU'LL LAUGH, HUH?! YOU GUYS NEED SOME DISCIPLINE THE ARMY WOULD DO YOU GUYS SOME GOOD!!!
YOU GUYS DON'T CARE ABOUT ANYTHING YOU GOT NO CAUSE. WE HAD THE WAR!!
WERE YOU EVER IN THE ARMY MAN?
ME? NO. I WAS IN SCHOOL. BUT I WOULDA GONE IF THEY'D NEEDED ME
AH - YOU SOLD OUT!
WHAT?! SOLD OUT!? YOU'RE CRAZY!! WE CAME TO OUR SENSES JUST LIKE YOU'LL HAVE TO SOME-DAY!!!!!

# I WOULDN'T CALL MYSELF A PACIFIST

I must have been 8 years old. I sat in bed with my parents watching some kind of documentary on television. Looking back now, I assume the show was about the university riots of the late-sixties. I watched , my eyes wide and my mouth open , as police brutally beat the shit out of protestors. I started to cry. "Why are they doing that ?!?!" I asked my parents. I don't think they answered me. I don't think there was an answer. It was at that moment more than ever that I despised violence. There were no more doubts anywhere in my mind, violence was wrong and awful and unnecessary. Now twelve years later , my feelings have changed. I think there is such a thing as justified violence.

I guess I should explain. A few years after I saw that television show I was just talking about, I developed back problems. At this point chiropractics were the new California cure-all. So I was sent to see Richard Greenland, "doctor" of chiropractics. For the next year I went in for "treatment" two to three times a week. The whole time he was molesting me. The whole time. I felt awful. I became a twelve year old drug abuser. I was suicidal. Now, eight years later , I know the abuse I suffered was not my fault. I didn't do anything to deserve it.

I'm mad. I'm really fucking pissed at the "doctor". If I saw him today, I think I might take action against him. I don't mean legal action. I'm talking about physical action. And this brings me to my point about why in some cases I condone violence. I think that rapists and child molestors deserve to be tortured. If I were to be raped today, I would spend as much time as I had trying to find the man that violated me. And when I found him ... well ... when I found him , I would make him suffer more than I ever thought possible. i wouldn't kill him though. I mean if he bleeds to death or something, I guess he would be dead anfd that would be my fault. But i wouldn't blow his brains out or anything. I'd just carve "RAPIST" on his forehead wiht an icepick. Then I would tell him that I would castrate him, so that he could never harm a woman again, and I'd listen to him beg me for mercy. After that, I would happily chop off his penis. And I wouldn't be sorry.

I think about all the women I know who have been sexually abused at some point in their lives. I think about the chiropractor. Knowing what I know , seeing what I've seen, I can't help wanting revenge, wanting to punish. It's so hypocritical of me. I don't eat meat or any other kind of animal product, because I don't want to support a cruel industry like factory farming. Yet I condone violence against a certain class of men.

I realize this is treating violence with violence. I realize , like my mother always told me , "two wrongs don't make a right". I realize all of this. And I don't care.

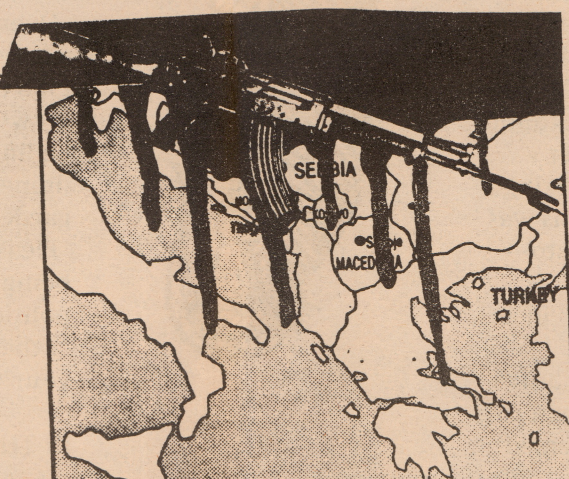
# ANTI-WAR AND PUNK ACTIVITY IN EX-YUGOSLAVIA

Since my article / diary excerpts from my stay in Zagreb last winter got out ( Infinite Onion 8, Slug and Lettuce # 32) , I've gotten quite a bunch of feedback, a lot of it just letting me know they found the article interesting, as well as some letters pointing out just how unaware I was of what was really happening as far as anti-war activities and resistance were concerned. After weeks in Zagreb looking for any sign of anti-war happenings or groups , I found nothing whatsoever even though it was going on practically under my nose. Record store workers, alternative and hippie type looking people selling jewelry on the town square, my parents, their friends, people I met, nobody could tell me shit. Not even hint at anything except for some supposedly unsuccessful mother's demonstration to pull their sons out of the war. The media has people exactly where they want them it seems more than ever. There is a thing that television and "real" media does to people where in their minds only official information is relevant. This is straight up reality here in the US and from it seems, just as true in Ex-Yugo. There , the only real impression anybody was left with as far as fighting against the war from the grass roots was this marginalized group of mothers worried about their sons. Not that I consider them irrelevant at all, just it made it seem like nobody at all besides these mothers had made any real effort to organize to effectively put an end to this fucked up war. I'll be going back sometime in 94 and hopefully , now that I have some decent contacts , I'll make the most of it. In case you're interested in getting in touch with anti-war efforts in Ex-Yugo here are some contacts I've picked up:

**Zitzer Spiritual Republic**
Based in Vojvodina (between Serbia , Croatia and Hungary) the Zitzers have been actively resisting military conscription for the war. Those refusing military service in the area are apparently in the tens of thousands. They have a constitution (anarcho-friendly of course), a national hymn (Ravel's Bolero) and a coat of arms (a symbolic pizza between three billiard balls). There are several hundred members internationally and they are in the process of scraping up the materials for a computer and a modem which would cost approximately $3500+. Zitzer Club, Oromhegyes, Horvath Janos u. 10., Vojvodina, Yugoslavia, Tel: 38-24-883016 or get in touch with their US embassy at *Neither East Nor West*-NYC, 528 5th St., Brooklyn , NY 11215, tel:(718) 499-7720

**ARK** (Anti-War Campaign)
ARK apparently do the bulk of anti war activity in Zagreb. They've done relief work , put out information and have done conflict resolution across the lines from what I know so far. I haven't yet gotten a response from them though. ZAPO (Zagreb Anarcho Pacifist Organization) are also affiliated with them and share the same address. *ARK* , Tkalciceva 38, 41000 Zagreb Croatia, Tel: 041-422495, Fax: 041-335230

A very cool Serb I've had an ongoing argument through the mail with which started in Profane Existence and is now mellowing out privately is Uros (say Urosh) Smiljanic. He's not an active politico so to speak , but has plenty of information to cut down and give an alternative viewpoint from the media hype. I had some definite problems with his article in Profane but nevertheless his address is Uros Smiljanic , 011-653906 , Sitnicka 36, 11040 Beograd , Serbia


SERBIA
MACEDONIA
TURKEY

Some punk contacts:
**NBG** fanzine , Goran Vujic , Moravska 6, 11000 Beograd, Serbia
**K4** a main punk club in the Slovenia Kersikova 4, 61000 Ljubliana , Slovenia
**Vrnitev Odpisanih zine**, David Krzisnik Niger, 061-485358, Marinkov Trg 14, 61000 Ljubliana , Slovenia
**Mladina Journalist zine** also punk radio d.j., Ali Zardin, 061-59005, j-261985, Na Gmajni 35, 61000 Ljubliana , Slovenia
Hard core d.j. with **101 Youth Radio** , Picek , 41000 , Zagreb (Croatia)
**Independence fanzine,** Matija Vogric , Maslinska 9 , 41000, Zagreb, Croatia
hard core record label **LISTEN LOUDEST** , Zdenko Franjic , Samoborska 97c , 41090, Zagreb , Croatia

**Ples slomljenog dupeta na vjetru fanzine** (in english this means The dance of broken ass in the wind) Stoilkov c/o D.Petrovica 11 , 24000 Subotica , Vojvodina/Yugoslavia
**Delirium fanzine** , Dragan Radanovic , Vojvode Misica 1/19 , 15000 Sabac (deep Serbia)

Bands:

**MAJKE** (mothers) "most popular punk band in Croatia" , Zeljko Mikulic , 56000 Vinkovci , Slavonia, Croatia
**Kaoticne Duse**, Dujma , 56000 Vinkovci , Slavonia, Croatia

These contacts are all from Ivo Skoric to who I am highly grateful, Ivo Skoric , 103 St Marks Pl , New York NY 10009, Tel/Fax: 212/995-5601, E-mail: iskoric@igc.apc.org, compuserve: 76300,3725

**War Resistors League** published several resources on the Balkan War including WAR & PEACE IN THE BALKANS - A Resource Guide on Ex-Yugoslavia which lists several contacts and reading material on Yugo history and the situation there and WAR AT THE CROSSROADS- An Historical Guide Through The Balkan Labyrinth which is a basic outline of Yugoslavia's history. The latter is an excellent primer for anyone who isn't too familiar with why this war is going on. I'll list a couple contacts from WAR & PEACE IN THE BALKANS, but I'd suggest writing War Resistors League for the entire thing. Thanks to Dorie Wilsnack for most of this info.(Balkan War Resource Group c/o WRL 339 Lafayette St. , NY NY 10012)

**Centre for Anti-War Activities**, Ul Hasana Kikica br 8, 71000 Sarajevo
**Center for Peace , Nonviolence & Human Rights**, Boesenderferova 2 , 5400 Osljek
**Forum For Human Rights of Macedonia**, c/o Meto Jovanovski, St. P. Zografski 51 , 91000 Skopje
**Centre For Anti-War Action**, Karlja Petra 46, 11000 Beograd
**Anti-War Centre of Novi Sad**, c/o Nenand Mirovic, Naradnog Fronta 43, 21000 Novi Sad

This is by far an incomplete list of contacts , but if you're interested in communicating or traveling its somewhere to start. Again , I suggest getting in touch with War Resistors League for their information. I'll be leaving for Zagreb sometime in Spring or early Summer. If you have any other worthwhile contacts , let me know. I'm not sure how long I'll be there , but I'll definitely be knocking on a lot of strangers doors. Nadia is still collecting money for refugee relief in Zagreb. You can contact her at 155 Briarwood Rd. #321, Ft. Collins, CO 80521 or email her on compuserve at 71564,3451. "

# THE FDA's WAR ON NATURAL HEALTH CARE

I find myself in our neighborhood health food store at least a couple times a week if not more. I replenish my store of soy milk , tofu, falafel and of course beef up my stash of herbs. Although I haven't been at it for a long time, I've sort of grown to take herbs along with some decent DIY medical guides as a substitute for a doctor. Since I can't afford to look up an MD every time I feel shitty, I DIY it. In know basically what herbs affect which parts of me and can bring myself back to health before too long. Besides, it's one the very few alternatives we have to the evil pharmaceutical industry. I've taken in considerably less poison from borderline toxic industrial made drugs and feel a lot better because of it too.

People have been using herbs for thousands of years. Just about every indigenous culture has a good store of knowledge on herbal lore. As times have progressed, nutritionists and herbalists have developed cures for cancer as well as safe and more effective alternatives to AZT by means of herbal healing and nutritional therapy. Most of these cures and self help methods are all accessible from health food shops and places that sell nutritional supplements. Although most places are pretty expensive, they don't even compare to what one would pay for the pharmaceutical or professional equivalent. The option of growing or picking ones own herbs exists , but living in the city rules out a lot of that. So basically for a lot of people its all we've got.

The pharmaceutical industry is by no means ignorant to the increasing number of people getting hip to holistic healing and old folk medicine. In fact they're becoming increasingly alarmed at the millions being spent on alternative health care and are not prepared to let that slide. They have a lot to lose in profit as does the Food and Drug Administration (FDA) in power since naturally occurring remedies can't be controlled and regulated as easily as pharmaceutical drugs. Along with the FDA they are on a legal mission to stomp all unregulated control of our health. The following are just a few of the ways the FDA are attempting to do this:

## Health claims

Ever notice when you check out an herbal tincture or herbal pills that you rarely find the herbs' medicinal qualities on the label. For instance if you check out the label on a bottle of Sleep Easy Herbal Extract, you'll notice that besides in the name itself , it won't mention that it can help you get to sleep, it only lists the ingredients and whatnot, but will not make any claims about what the tincture does. The reason for this is that it is illegal to make any health claims that the FDA does not approve. According to an FDA press release , "Health claims on dietary supplement labels would be permitted if FDA finds significant agreement among qualified experts that these claims are scientifically valid." This means any note such as this "herbal tincture will improve your mental functioning" or "will help induce sleep" or whatnot, will have to be approved by FDA "qualified experts" which inevitably makes easy access to an herbal knowledge even more of a painstaking process. You can't just walk into a health food store with no knowledge of herbal properties and pick out what you need from the shelf by judging from the labels. You really need to come in with all this knowledge before hand. Why won't they just go ahead, make it simple and approve it? Because there's ...

### Competition

Like most tools of big business in a capitalist economy , the FDA along with the pharmaceutical industry is working hard to stomp out the competitors. As the FDA sees it , all alternative health care boils down to competition with big business drug manufacturers. *In its Dietary Supplement Task Force report, the FDA writes that "the agency should insure that the existence of dietary supplements on the market does not act as a disincentive for drug development." Consequently, if a nutritional supplement competes with a drug, the FDA removes it from the market--EVEN IF THE SUPPLEMENT IS SUPERIOR.* This gives the drug industry a tight grip of control on any non-drug health options.

## Quackery and deaths

The FDA attempts to legitimize its reign of terror under the guise of protecting the American public from medical quacks. Joining forces with the Pharmaceutical Advertising Council (PAC), the FDA launched a $200,000,000 program to "warn" the public about the "dangers of nutritional supplements". They cite in a press release :"Products containing the amino acid L-tryptophan, widely sold as a dietary supplement, were associated with at least 1,500 cases of a painful muscle disorder, including at least 38 deaths, several years ago." According to this rational, we would be much better off using these 200, 000, 000 for action against the pharmaceutical industry which has claimed an average of roughly 356 (that's 130,000 a year) lives a day from drugs used in hospitals alone, let alone the nonfatal damage in and outside of hospitals. Those who abused comparatively mild supplements and herbs to the extent of personal injury or even death couldn't even touch the casualties of pharmaceutical drugs.

## Commando Style Raids

February 26, 1987 FDA agents and US marshalls raided the Life Extension Foundation (LEF) , a non-profit foundation that helped members get bulk discounts on vitamins and nutrients located in Ft. Lauderdale, FL. The agents took everything from files to nutrients to the computer and files. Later on, on January 9, 1991 they raided LEF's distribution center in Tempe, AZ where they lied to employees claiming LEF was secretly smuggling illegal drugs. 42 of LEF's most popular products were put on embargo until a lawsuit against the FDA had it lifted.

During the spring of 1988 the FDA confiscated literature from Highland Labs in Mt. Angel, OR which supposedly made "false and worthless" claims about their products . Highland Labs then stopped sending out the censored information with products. Later on an FDA agent posing as a client convinced a telephone worker at Highland Labs to send him old copies of the information which led to a commando style bust during the fall of 1990 in which $37,000 worth of property and records were officially stolen. No charges were ever filed.

On May 6, 1992, the FDA along with state and federal agents raided Dr. Jonathan Wright's Tahoma Clinic in Kent, Washington, armed and holding the staff at gun point. The object of the raid was to seize an injectable form of B-12 . Computers , injectable, preservative-free vitamins, allergy-testing equipment, treatment protocols,

literature, and medical records and files were confiscated and the clinic was closed. No reason was given for the raid and no charges have been pressed. The clinic's 1200 patients were not referred elsewhere while a lot of them depended on Dr. Wright's medical advice for their health. The judge who issued the warrant has sealed the documents explaining the raid and nobody at the FDA will take responsibility for initiating the whole shmeer.

In June 1992 the FDA conducted raids on health food stores in Dallas , San Antonio, Houston and Austin seizing a total of 250 different products including Aloe Vera, zinc tablets, herbal teas, flax seed oil and effervescent vitamin C.

These cases aren't unique, in the past ten years there have been 25 similar violent raids against physicians and businesses that carry and/or produce supplements/herbs.

## Blatant Lies

** On the Larry King Show, Mary Pendergast--seniorxxx advisor to FDA Commissioner David Kessler- was asked about the number of fatal reactions to nutritional supplements. She answered: "Vitamin A kills a dozen or so people every year--overdoses. At overdoes, it's a toxic drug--toxic."(oh gawd-ed..)*

*There have been no deaths, and she has never corrected this misinformation.*

** The FDA states that GLA, an essential fat found in Evening Primrose oil, black currant seed oil, and borage oil, is toxic. Yet Dr. Bert La Du, the FDA's own technical expert, testified under oath that he knew of no risk at all from GLA.*

** The FDA continues to ban supplements of L-tryptophan because in 1989, they were associated with a disease called EMS (Eosinophilia Myalgia Syndrome).Actually, a contaminate in a single batch of L-tryptophan from a Japanese supplier Showa Denko K.K. had caused the outbreak, and these findings were published in the New England Journal of Medicine. After that, in a certified letter dated February 20, 1991, the FDA wrote:*

*"CDC concludes and FDA agrees, based on the recent study and the previously reported studies, that it appears that virtually all EMS patient-associated L-tryptophan was produced by Showa Denko K.K. Further evidence from a recently published animal study suggested that L-tryptophan from Showa Denko K.K. resulted in specific pathologic changes characteristic of EMS."*

*The ban on L-tryptophan is an obvious fraud. It covers only capsules or tablets of the substance. Meanwhile, the same L-tryptophan that should be available in capsules is freely added to baby foods, tube feedings, and pet products. To justify the FDA's fraudulent ban on L-tryptophan, David Kessler told Congress in July 1993: "Despite recent intense research, the exact cause of EMS and an understanding of how it develops have not been established."*

*This is an obvious lie. You do not allow babies, the elderly, and the infirm to have access to a supplement that is too toxic for the healthy adult population. The fraudulent ban on L-tryptophan is testimony to the dishonesty and arrogance of the FDA and its entrenched bias against all nutritional supplements. The agency is a public menace. How long are we going to put up with it?"*

## Prescriptions

Under the FDA's new laws all higher potency vitamins, amino acids and a good deal of medicinal herbs would be taken off the shelves of health food stores and be made available only by a doctor's prescription. This would make most herbs virtually impossible to come by unless you were well enough off to afford a doctor and would drive the price of vitamins and herbs up by the gogolplex. You think herbs and vitamins are expensive now, just wait till the FDA is through with them. In health food stores now already , herbs targeted by the new regulations are stickered "endangered". This may be a panic, buy now before it's too late scam, but the threat is there and real.

Goddamm what are we gonna do? This is completely ludicrous and Orwellian. As much as I hate it , it seems that all that can be done legally is to try and pressure the pigs with the power to act against it. Utah's Senator Orrin Hatch oddly enough is pushing for a Health Freedom Act which would override most of the FDA's annoying abuses. This looks like it would at least nullify the attacks on vitamins and herbs, which is good enough news , yet the long arms of the state are still there and equally invasive in our lives. The state will do what it can to keep control of the populous and having a grip on our health is a sure way to get a grip on our lives. We've already experienced the effects of directed biological warfare in what was once GRIDS (Gay Related Immune Deficiency Syndrome) and has now become AIDS, we've felt the effects of the drug war and all its victims, the repression of movements for positive change in Cointelpro and now we are looking at losing the few last options we have available to autonomously control our health. Is this the last straw? How many more last straws can we take?

Information in this article was taken from : ACT NOW TO PROTECT YOUR HEALTH by Julian Whitaker, M.D. in HEALTH & HEALING , Tomorrow's Medicine Today, September 1993 Supplement
Food and Drug Administration press release June 15, 1993
Citizens for Health
Ann Monahan's article DO NEW FDA RULES ON NUTRITIONAL SUPPLEMENTS THREATEN OUR FREEDOMS?
Statement of Senator Orrin Hatch Before the U.S. Senate
Constitutional Law and Alternative Health Care by Steven Horne

### What you can do:

Write letters telling the pigs how disgusted you are with this infringement on your rights and health. Specific bills to bitch about beyond the FDA's raids, labeling laws etc. are the bills introduced to Congress which would legally enhance the FDA's already Gestapo style police state powers. These are bills HR3642, S2135 HR1662 and HR1982. Bills fighting the FDA's war are Senate Bill S. 784 and House Bill H.R. 1709 which fall under the name "Dietary Health , Supplement and Education Act". Some key people to write are Henry Waxman, Chairman, House Health and Environment Subcommittee, 2415 Rayburn House Building, Wash DC 20515 ; Edward Kennedy, Senate Labor & Human Rescurce Committee, Wash, DC 20510. It is especially important to call Senator Kennedy at (202)224-4543. Make your letter short and personal; a paragraph will do.

For more information send a SASE to : Citizens For Health , Box 368 , Tacoma, WA 98401 ; call Follow Your Heart ( a natural foods store sponsoring a letter writing campaign against the FDA) at 805-966-225 ;

Donations to Jonathan Wright Legal Defense Fund can be sent to : Box 368 , Tacoma, WA 98401

Become independent. If you have the resources (it doesn't take much), try and grow your own. Find someone who owns a greenhouse and see if they are growing medicinal herbs. There are a bunch of small greenhouses that do.

Build up your stash. This isn't a solution , more of a last gasp to hold on to the option of taking care of yourself.

Learn about herbs in nature , where to find them and what to look out for. Libraries usually have a decent store of information on this. There are also classes at some colleges.

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## *Bad News*

The proposed formation of the *Office of Non-Lethality* by the Clinton administration would be responsible for developing technologies to control people without killing or (supposedly) seriously injuring them. Items already under development that will be covered by this office include:

- Hand held "psychocorrectional devices" that would allow police to incapacitate you by broadcasting Infrasound waves that will overpower human will. In a recent demonstration, it was shown that anyone can be instructed to become passive and obedient to instructions. The signals cannot be blocked by earplugs, the sound is conducted through bones into the skull. The device will be developed in the U.S. by *Healthline Corporation* of Richmond, VA beginning this summer. Remember, you heard the word *"psychocorrectional"* from *GREEN PANTHERS!* first. It was, and still is, used by our government to describe the mental retraining (*reprogramming*) that goes on in Boot Camp prisons.
- ***Calmative Agents*** Fast acting chemicals mixed with the skin penetrating solvent DMSO are being developed for "riot" control and guerrilla war.
- ***Electromagnetic Pulse and Microwave Guns*** to be mounted in police cars, to disable electronic ignitions from a great distance. The police excuse is that it will prevent high speed chases. Yeah, right.
- ***Hand Held Laser Weapons*** Fielded in Kuwait for the first time, CLAWS (Chemical Laser Anti-Personnel Weapons) were used to permanently blind troops; the civilian model will only *temporarily* flash-blind you.
- Three dimensional drive through x-ray machines which can look inside tractor-trailers, and even into the cargo in those vehicles without physically inspecting them are scheduled to begin operation in April on a number of known drug smuggling routes on the Mexican border. Similar technology is also coming on line for seeing beneath the earth.

FOOD NOT BOMBS

You can begin feeding the hungry and working for peace by starting a **Food Not Bombs** group in your community. Food Not Bombs is a nonviolent all-volunteer network that provides free, hot vegetarian meals and political support to low income people in over 25 cities in North America. Food Not Bombs is *empowering, rewarding and FUN!*

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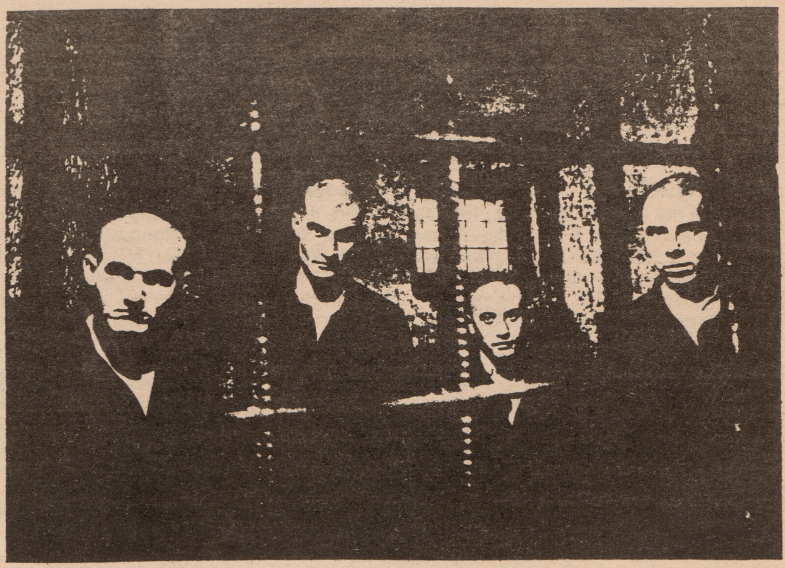
for free information.

# Concrete Tears

I woke up one morning and found myself alone. All alone except for the creations of man. The plastic, rubber , metal, and most of all concrete things we had built had finally encased this lonely sphere. The sheer immensity of the empty city that was now all Earth caused me to start running. I ran and ran trying to find anyone , anything that was alive, real. As I ran , I saw that in all directions but skyward there was nothing but the concrete hell that we had encased ourselves in. As for the sky , it was so gray from pollution it might as well have been concrete too. In turning , I tripped and slammed into the concrete sidewalk , cracking my skull and splitting my scalp. I knelt there, blood trickling down my face and blinding me for one precious moment. Soon , I smiled and my smile broadened to a grin and in a moment loud, obnoxious and highly hysterical laughter was pouring out of my bent over frame. And the laughter soon was transformed into weeping. I watched through half blinded eyes, my blood and tears mixing in a puddle. The puddle became deep and a tiny green shoot came up through the whole that was forming. When I saw this I began pulling at the concrete. It crumbled slowly and my fingers soon where bloody stumps. I battered the concrete and it crumbled at the very high cost of my flesh and bone being destroyed in the process. In one cosmic instant , the concrete was gone and so was I . A new earth was forming and I had caused it and I was it. I and the concrete are one , I , reality and artificiality mixed into a new reality. I just hope this is the last time this has to happen. But it won't be, the circle will swing full again and and again and again and again......

# The End Of The Day



Laying in my bunk again, listening to my bunky grind his teeth between congestive snores. The drag queen in for credit card fraud and the Muslim stud are breaking speed records to the right of me, and the hip hop twins to the left do the battle with rhythm and rhyme. The sounds of fucking to the best of D.J. Quick. I think I'm gonna be sick.

"It's finally the end of the day". I whisper to myself like I'm afraid someone will hear me, like I'm afraid I'll hear myself. My stomach turns again and I swallow down a mouthful of vomit. Then I reminisce about the three hots I had to eat in 5 minutes when I had to wait in line for ten. I remember the day room and its soap opera drama : watching predators chase future fuck boys, or trading punks like baseball cards. And I have to keep remembering what they tell me: " The fuck boys the sissy faggot". But what are you when you paid him to suck your dick?

If I'm tired of that , I can sit down and listen to some young buck who came to prison and found "Allah" lecture me on the natural order of things. I'm informed that the "black man" (whatever that is) is God, whites are blue eyed devils created by an evil "black" (that word again) mad scientist. I heard it all before, nothing new, nothing intelligent to me. I walk away . One of the F.O.I.s ask me ; " Who's side are you on?" I reply, "my side"...

I could always get a bag of raw credit or for a shot of my guts, down a quart of spud juice and pray I don't get food poisoning, or some nutmeg for a cheap get-high feel. Either way, its a lost cause now. Reality might be better, but the after taste of illusion is death.

So I keep walkin' around like I'm casing the joint , in and out of conversations I go , in and out of my mind I fall ... couldn't go back to my two-man cell built for one because my bunky is doin the butt-naked thang with his man. No offense , just don't like the concentrated stench of sweat , seed and shit.

Want to talk to someone, do something before I explode. Can't see the shrink, he blew his brains out just before Christmas.

Yeah, it's the end of the day and I'm still here, falling to metaphysical pieces, step by step through the endless maze. I think about sleep, little slices of death without dreams. Will I come to my senses realizing I'm staring into space? Or will I run from the invisible-man all night, just like every night for the last 18 years?

I'm floating away.
Listen to my heart beat.
Listen to the tortured cries of huemanity
I don't want to see tomorrow's sunshine ...

Leon Czolgosz's last words: "I am not sorry."

# ZINES ZINES ZINES

I'm sick of doing zine reviews but always happy to check out new zines in trade or whatnot. Here are a couple addresses for some of the better zines around worth checking out. Other zines will have "real" review sections.

**Factsheet Five** POB 170099, San Francisco, CA 94117-0099 - an excellent resource for checking out zines. Almost all reviews.
**Maximumrocknroll**- PO Box 288, Berkeley , CA 94701 - punk
**Earth First!** - PO Box 5176, Missoula , MT 59806
**Love and Rage**- PO Box 853, Peter Stuyvesant Station, NY NY 10009 - anarchist news and thought
**On Indian Land**- PO Box 2104, Seattle, WA 98101- covering all the major Native American struggles
**Exedra**- Po Box 422937, SF, CA 94142-2937 - Personal political articles and interviews. One of the best.
**the Shadow**- PO Box 20298, NY NY 10009- housing issues and police bashing from NYCs Lower East Side
**Profane Existance**- PO Box 8722, Minneapolis, MN 55408 - anarcho-punk
**No Sanctuary**- PO Box 3142, 2500 Biel 3 ,Switzerland Earth - European anarchist pacifist news and articles. Also get Massive Love , a zine for and by punk parents from the same address
**Slug and Lettuce**-PO box 2067, Peter Stuy. Stn., NY NY 10009 - classifieds , reviews , photos and some columns. Good place to look for pen pals or punk stuff.

## Capitalist Logic

A recent memo of World Bank Vice President Lawrence Summers embarrassed that agency, which doles out usurious loans to Third World nations and arranges other "beneficial" trade arrangements between advanced capitalist nations and lesser-developed nations. Not that Summers wrote anything contrary to World Bank policy; it's just that his memo was leaked to the press.

"Just between you and me, shouldn't the World Bank be encouraging more migration of the dirty industries to the LDC's [less developed countries]," Summers wrote in his memo to his colleagues at the agency. "The economic logic behind dumping a load of toxic waste is impeccable and we should face up to that," he continued. Summers also suggested that "health-impairing pollution" is better located in countries with high infant mortality rates, than in countries "where people survive long enough to get...cancer."

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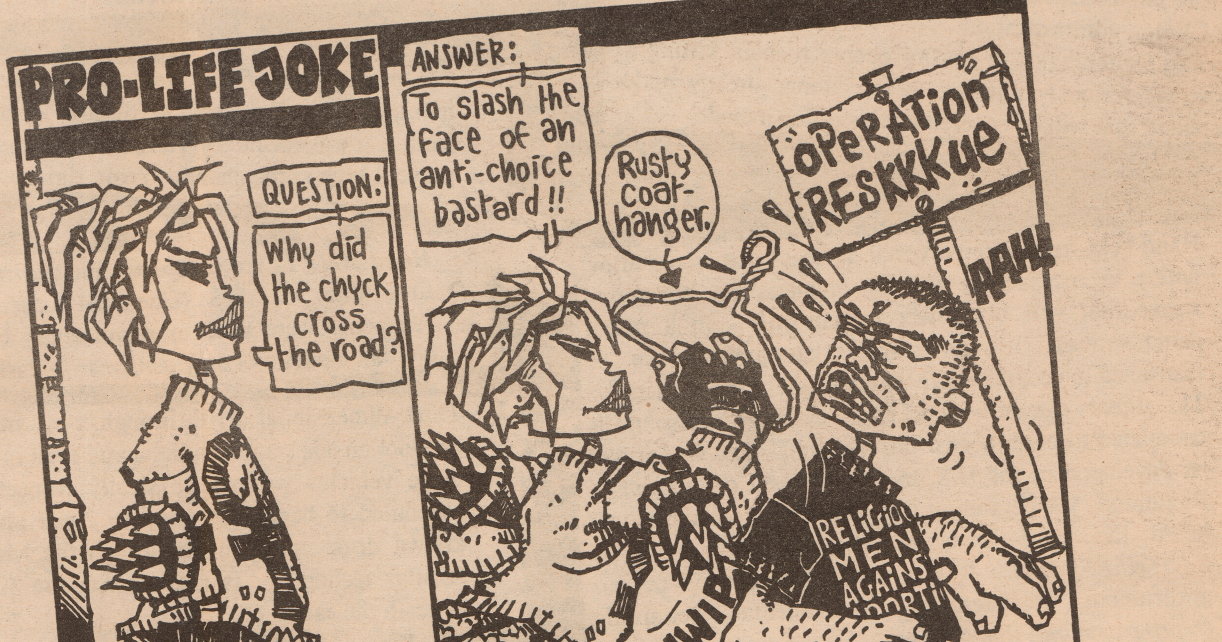
PRO-LIFE JOKE
QUESTION:
Why did the chyck cross the road?
ANSWER:
To slash the face of an anti-choice bastard!!
Rusty coat-hanger.
OPERATION RESKKKUE
AAH!
THWIP
RELIGION MEN AGAINST ABORTI
SG VIII 93